

*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*January 1926* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





*On the Rosebud Reservation, in South Dakota, the Sioux girls are learning in their Home Economics class to make wholesome and dainty things*

# The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The January News in the School

### A Happy New Year!

LET'S clap our hands for Anna Domine Nineteentwenty-six. Wherever the lovable Pinocchio's pranks are told, it should hereafter be told, as well, how he almost kept Anna out. In that case we should still be living in nineteen twenty-five and would be as incapable of growing older as Pinocchio himself. Thanks to

*The Lost Hour*, p. 83

Anna's success we can now move merrily on, either toward or away from middle age.

In case your pupils have not met him before they will enjoy the story, *Pinocchio*, by Carlo Lorenzini (pen name, C. Collodi). The Lippincott gift edition is most attractive.

### Strikes and Children

THERE are many points of interest in Miss Upjohn's story. The three most important seem to be that Juniors "know how to manage their own affairs," that every one had a chance to pick strawberries, and that Mimi was allowed to go to school. These Juniors have better self-control than the children who prevented the education of Mary's lamb.

Additional readings of interest are *Diggers in the Earth*, Eva M. Tappan; *A Year in a Coal Mine*, Joseph Husband, and the chapter on "The Miner," in *Heroes of*

*Andreas and Mimi*, p. 91

*Everyday Life*, Fannie E. Coe. Are there not other "Johns" who can help other "Andys" in language problems?

This is a form of service in which we should like to see many Juniors taking a part and which we should like to hear about. Material on better speech may be obtained from the National Council of Teachers of English, 506 West 69th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

The Alaskan Juniors, too, are conquering language problems. There is a chance for map work in the article about Alaska, for of course we must know where these enterprising friends live. The stories of how they earn their subscription to the News will make good Thrift Week material for oral English.

### A World Hero

THE conquest over hydrophobia was the climax of Louis Pasteur's useful life. He had previously made great contributions to science through his experiments. Among other interesting things, he had studied diseases among silkworms and had saved French industries thousands of dollars by solving that problem. (Cf. "Our

*The Story the Gatekeeper Told*, p. 93

Silkworms," p. 86.) He had been so near death that he felt his service was at an end and had exclaimed, "I had hoped to give many more services to the world." It was after this that he gave his crowning service. The story should thrill all boys and girls. A good, complete biography is *Louis Pasteur*, by S. J. Holmes. One chapter tells the story of the silkworms and another tells not only of Joseph Meister, but about the other early cures. There is also a play, "Pasteur," by Guitry, in Dickinson's *Chief Contemporary Dramatists*, Vol. II.

### "The Play Way"

THE writing and giving of plays is always a most worth-while activity. This health play was produced in the very best manner, the children working it out under the direction of Miss Maude L. Van Antwerp,

*Freeing the Captives*, p. 95

and perfecting it before it was finally written down. "We talked it over and planned it first," the sixth grade wrote us, "then each thought out his own speeches. Every one in our class helped. We didn't write it down till after it was given at the Red Cross County Convention. Then we wrote just what was said. Each planned his own costume, except the milk-bottles. These were shapes cut out of cardboard that covered the wearer completely, in both the front and the back. We learned a great deal while we were preparing our parts." This method is almost sure to result in a play which really acts well and has good dialogue. It is the method used with striking success and described by H. Caldwell Cooke, of the Perse School, England, in *The Play Way* (Macmillan).

### For Your Reference

Ideas and supplementary material will be found for: *Geography classes*, in "Sioux Girls," p. 82; "In Alaska," p. 88; "Our Silk Worms," p. 86; "Activities," p. 97.

*Economic Geography*, in "Our Silk Worms," p. 86; "Andreas and Mimi," p. 91; "In Alaska," p. 88.

*Elementary Science*, in "Our Silk Worms," p. 86; "The Story the Gatekeeper Told," p. 93.

*English, Reading, and Composition*, in "The Lost Hour," p. 83; "Andreas and Mimi," p. 91; "Freeing the Captives," p. 95.

*Thrift and Conservation*, in "Andreas and Mimi," p. 91; "In Alaska," p. 88; "Jellies and Jams," p. 89; "Activities," p. 97.

*Health*, in "The Story the Gatekeeper Told," p. 93; "Freeing the Captives," p. 95.



# Developing Calendar Activities for January

## Leads for the Month

**T**HE emphasis which many schools will give to thrift during January may be developed into a study of the service values of work, suggested in a number of activities which pupils will discover on the CALENDAR.

The emphasis on mental hygiene also connects with the vocational study, giving opportunity to stress the cultivation of right attitudes toward one's work and right ideals of workmanship.

## References on Vocational Guidance

**S**OME of the publications listed below may help teachers in vocational civics. *Occupational Information in the Elementary School*, McCracken and Lamb, Houghton Mifflin Co., is particularly useful for the teacher's own reading. *The Boy and His Vocation*, John Irving Sowers, and *Your Biggest Job*, Henry L. Smith, are for pupils who may be thinking of leaving school. *Helps for Ambitious Boys and Helps for Ambitious Girls*, William Drysdale, Crowell Publishing Co., are companion books which offer advice about various lines of work and give inspiring quotations on work. *Choosing an Occupation*, Ziegler and Jaquette, Winston Co., is a vocational civics. Designed for rather older readers but readable and useful are *Building a Career*, Eli Witwer Weaver, and *Your Job*, Harold Whitehead. *Library Leaflet*, No. 25, November, 1924, Government Printing Office, gives a useful *List of References on Vocational Education*. *The Journal of Educational Method*, October, 1925, has a suggestive article on *Vocational Information for Mountain Youth*. It, too, applies more particularly to older students, but the lists of vocations presented and the names of people who have succeeded in various types of lifework are suggestive.

Books about people who have achieved are: *Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous* and *Lives of Girls Who Became Famous*, Sarah K. Bolton; *The Wonder Workers*, Mary H. Wade; *Heroines Every Child Should Know*, Mabie and Stephens; *Heroes of Today and Conquests of Invention*, Mary R. Parkman; *Heroes of Everyday Life*, Fanny E. Coe.

## A Reading Lesson About Work

**A** READING lesson on poems and stories or essays about work and industry might be interesting. Can pupils find some of the following as a starter: *Work*, a novel, Louisa Alcott; *Songs of the Workaday World*, Berton Braley; "Today," Thomas Carlyle; "How Did You Die?" and "Plug Along," Edmund Vance Cooke; "A Fable," Ralph Waldo Emerson; "The Man from the Crowd," "Toil's Sweet Content," "The World Cleaners," Sam Walter Foss; "Just a Job," Edgar A. Guest; "Try, Try Again," William E. Hickson; "L'Envoi," Rudyard Kipling; "The Symphony," Lanier; "The Day and the Work" and "The Man with the Hoe," Edwin Markham; "Work, a Song of Triumph," Angela Morgan; "The Singing Man," Peabody; *The Romance of Labor*, a collection of excerpts from novels on interesting experiences, Frances Twombly and John C. Dana; "Work," Henry Van Dyke; "Factories," Margaret Widdemer; "Which Are You?" Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## Right Thinking

**A** VOLUME published last spring, *The Problem Child in School*, by Mary B. Sayles, describes child problems assigned to visiting teachers for solution. The book

should be particularly useful in helping a teacher to prevent her pupils from becoming "problem" children. *How to Use Your Mind*, H. D. Kitson, may help teachers to help children in forming good study habits.

## Marionette Plays

**D**O your Juniors know that puppet dolls similar to those which amuse them were popular centuries ago in China, Japan and Siam, in ancient Greece and Rome, and in Europe during the Middle Ages? Such dolls were used in some of the American Indian ceremonial dances; and at a time in England when all other theaters were closed, marionette plays were still allowed. The name "marionette" came from the church, meaning "little Mary." There are any number of fascinating books about these clever dolls and of plays for them. *The Land of Punch and Judy*, a book of puppet plays for children, Mary Stewart, Fleming H. Revell Co., has seven plays for children with an introduction that "tells how." The *Tony Sarg Marionette Book*, F. J. McIsaac, has chapters on "Some Marionette Miracles and How They Are Done," "The Puppet Play in History," and "Home-made Marionettes and Stagecraft," with two fairy plays for home-made marionettes, and an introduction telling how to give marionette entertainments at home. In *Stage Illusions and Entertainments*, Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York, there are chapters on "Making and Manipulating a Manikin Theater," "A Living Marionette Theater," "How to Make Ventriloquial Dolls," and "Making and Working a Punch and Judy Show." Another book of interest is *Everybody's Theater and How to Make it*, H. W. Whanslaw. Books interesting especially to the teacher are: *The Heroes of the Puppet Stage*, Madge Andrews; *The Home of the Puppet Play*, Richard Pischel; *A Book of Marionettes*, Helen Haiman Joseph.

## Thrift in Health

**I**N the *Red Cross Courier* for October 15, an editorial paragraph summarized a statistical report of the Connecticut State Department of Health. The saving to that one State due to health work over a period of several years was computed at nearly \$2,000,000. The *Survey-Graphic* of November 1 in an article, "Health Work Pays," gives graphs and tells of the reduction of the death rate from certain malignant illnesses due to health education and precautions.

Supplementary material for developing "Fitness for Service" activities may be found among the following: *Dramatics for Health Teaching*, Health Education Bulletin No. 13, 5c. a copy (address Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.); "Posture Abnormalities," in *Rural School Nursing; Exercises for Health*, National Health Series, Funk and Wagnalls; Part II, Pamphlet I, Positive Health Series, Woman's Foundation for Health; *American Red Cross Home Hygiene Textbook* (Revised), pp. 5-6, 156-160; *Recreative Athletics*, suggestions for programs of recreative athletics, games, and sports for the promotion of physical fitness, 60c., the Playground and Recreation Association of America, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York. The November number of *New York State Education* (100-104 Liberty Street, Utica, N. Y.) published an excellent collection of games, with instructions, in an article called "Playtime in School Hours."

## Junior Red Cross and Character Education

**H**OW may the Junior Red Cross program be used to advance the character education which is recognized in educational thought as vital?

1. The Junior Red Cross program is one of activity, of doing, and this is in accord with the best method of character education. "First in importance as a moral agency should be placed the actual performances of the pupils themselves. It is one thing to hear right conduct praised or see it exemplified. It is quite another and more necessary thing for the boys and girls themselves to do the act. Character is essentially a matter of action. Nobody really understands what responsibility means until he has been entrusted with a task that has succeeded or has failed because of him. So with respect to 'service,' 'generosity,' and all of the possible terms of the moral vocabulary. Any genuine comprehension of them requires practice in the deeds themselves first." (*Moral Values in Secondary Education, Bulletin No. 51, Bureau of Education, 1917.*)

Emphasis is put on activity leading to habit formation through every phase of the Junior program. The monthly reports of activities in the NEWS stimulate by example and suggest new ideas to the children reading them for services they may perform. The CALENDAR carries other suggestions from which suitable projects may be selected.

2. The questions on the CALENDAR about which the activities are organized keep before the minds of pupils the large purpose of helpfulness to others in all the common relationships of their lives, and this, too, is important. For activity must be intelligently directed by a conscious ideal or motive; otherwise there is always the possibility that the action may be mechanical or hypocritical and that the habit under pressure will break down. By calling attention to these occasionally, the teacher can help to keep the central purpose clear.

3. The activities under "Personal Service" give opportunity to make the Junior Red Cross of personal concern to the individual child, and so also do many of the services undertaken by the whole group. There is opportunity for many simple, unpretentious services which merit recognition. The shy or the backward child has a chance to participate in a way that will give him a definite consciousness of individual success.

4. To be valuable, the purpose should be accepted by the pupil himself and not assigned arbitrarily. Pupils through reading the NEWS and the CALENDAR, make a choice of activities. The teacher has a chance to guide their choice wisely, often by suggesting local needs or opportunities which she knows will fit into the school program.

5. The distinctive feature of the Junior Red Cross program is that it centers attention not on self, but on others. The child does not participate in the activities as exercises to make himself good, but primarily because through doing these things he will make others happy. The boomerang of happiness which his service brings to him is a real, but an incidental, reward. Self-consciousness and self-righteousness are thus avoided.

6. Character education may be made implicit in all the life of the day by connecting service activities as closely as possible with the regular work of the classroom, using school work for service. In primary grades, paper cutting activities may be used for service by sending cutouts, transparencies, and chains for decorations in hospitals, old

people's homes, and children's institutions. In intermediate grades, drawing, basketry, other handwork, and language study may be used for service in making tray decorations and favors, greeting cards for special days, calendars, blotters, and joke books for shut-ins, or for hospitals or other institutions.

History, geography, nature study, handwork, drawing, English, modern language may all be used to increase world understanding through preparation of school correspondence interpreting our country to children of other lands and through study of the correspondence received.

### Instances of Results

Accounts of ways in which children have lived up to their conception of Junior Red Cross ideals vary from a report of a train wreck prevented by a member in Quebec, accounts of First Aid administered promptly and effectively, drownings prevented, and of the story of a little girl who wore her last winter's coat in order to give her new one to a crippled child, to quaint reports of children who refused grades which they thought undeserved. One teacher overheard the following conversation:

Three small boys going up to a small girl said, "Take that badge off."

Baby girl, "I won't!"

Boys, "Yes, you will. Teacher told us that badge meant you had to help and you have been a naughty girl. You haven't been helping teacher so you have no right to wear that badge for a week!"

### Results in the Classroom

**S**UPPLYING a social motive and purpose results in honest interest in school work. "All have observed how children have formed a positive dislike for some topic or subject which they were forced to study without adequate motive for its mastery," says Superintendent H. B. Wilson, of Berkeley, California, in the *Chicago Schools Journal*, September, 1925. "One reason pupils often dislike composition is because the writing they do is to serve no purpose except to meet the teacher's requirements that each pupil shall turn in a one-page theme. There was nothing to be accomplished by it which the pupils desired to achieve. . . . That which is socially valuable is capable of being meaningful in richer, more varied ways."

When pupils do their art work not merely for the sake of seeing it displayed on the wall of their own room, but for the sake of sending a greeting card to some shut-in or hospital patient, such a socially valuable motive is supplied. When the manual training or domestic science period is used in order to produce some article that will bring comfort and cheer to another the work will have a deeper worth.

When the pupils instead of writing one-page themes for the teacher write letters interpreting their community and their country to children of other lands, and when they know that pupils in schools of almost 50 countries are engaged in similar activities of good-will, the meaning of their own work becomes broadly significant.

It is not claimed that Junior Red Cross realizes this ideal in all schools which are enrolled; but experience has proved that it may be an invaluable instrument in the teacher's hand for furthering her aim of building men and women.

## Experiences With School Correspondence

THE following accounts illustrate quite different methods used successfully in carrying on International School Correspondence.

### Big Work by Little Folks

In the Hill Street School, Atlanta, Georgia, under the direction of Miss Ernestine Boggus, all the work of the second grade was motivated by the preparation of a portfolio. The report says:

We received a book from Honolulu. One of the children suggested that since we had had such a good time reading the book we might make a portfolio telling them about our good times. Many questions were asked. What shall we put into our book? The children made the suggestions.

*Reading:* The children read to find out about cotton, corn, watermelons, apples, pears, peaches, flowers.

*Spelling:* Spelling came from sentences made to be used in the book.

*Number Work:* The children learned the Roman numbers so that they could make clock faces for the little people in Hawaii.

*Geography:* We learned that while we are having night, the boys and girls in Hawaii are having day. We learned from the Hawaiians about islands, sands, fishes, seaweed and the sea. We hope the Hawaiians learned from us many things about our own dear state.

*Literature:* We read and learned to tell some of uncle Remus' stories.

*Writing:* Each child tried to write his best so that he might write in our book.

*Music:* We learned the Cherokee Rose Song.

*Language:* The children endeavored to express themselves well in sentences.

*Composition:* We wrote stories and a letter to the boys and girls in Hawaii.

*Science:* We learned about our state flower, the Cherokee Rose. We learned about our national flower, the Goldenrod. We learned about the fruits and vegetables of our state. We got some granite from Stone Mountain.

*Health:* The children brought pictures to illustrate health habits.

*Drawing and Construction:* We made a Thanksgiving fruit basket and a Santa Claus.

*History:* 1. Life and work of Henry W. Grady. 2. Life and work of Joel Chandler Harris. 3. Stone Mountain project.

*Civics:* We learned to love the little Hawaiian boys and girls.

### Everybody Helped

THE next example is taken from a report of Miss Myrtle Phillips, Principal, and all the teachers of the Lincoln School, Paducah, Kentucky.

*Grade 1:* Different kinds of fruit, developed during the language periods, were drawn and painted in the busy work and art periods. "The Basket of Flowers" was made after a lesson on the early spring flowers.

*Grade 2:* A drawing—an old rooster, mother hen and her little chicks—was made by pupils studying how to deal kindly with fowls and animals.

*Grade 3* made an art mat while studying weaving, and an Easter paper cutting in learning artistic arrangement.

*Grade 4* in geography prepared material on the necessities of life and modes of travel.

*Grade 5* contributed a map of Kentucky showing industries and products, a hammock woven in art class, a photo of Abraham Lincoln in a thread woven frame of red, white and blue, a map of North America in water colors.

*Grade 6* contributed two drawings, a composition, "How Strawberries are Grown."

*Grade 7* made a portfolio containing drawings representing country, state, county, community and school, and an outline of the Revolutionary War and War of 1812.

*Grade 8A* made the cover design. The *8A Civics* class gave an outline of United States money, with samples of real money and an outline showing the units of our government. The *8B Literature* class wrote an original story and illustrated the poem "The Chattahoochee River."

*Grade 9B* contributed a free hand drawing, an original, illustrated story, and a picture of Lincoln High School.

### "An Activity Rather than a Lesson"

THE third example is from the Union High School, Livermore, California. "Students receive the most benefit when it is an activity rather than a lesson," said Miss Ethel L. Reith in a report contributed last spring. A single section of her English classes prepared four portfolios at once. Each group had a chairman who reported to an editor-in-chief, the editor reporting to the instructor—thus developing leadership and giving training for work on the Annual Staff. The pupils "love it," said Miss Reith, "because it is their very own."

This school continued investing effort for two years before returns came. That the activity was skillfully used as motivation was evidenced by the high quality of work in the portfolios. To quote again from Miss Reith: "It gave the students a real reason for writing letters, an incentive to do original work, and, most of all, self-confidence; for the letters of reply showed keen appreciation of their letters."

The third year the returns more than repaid the effort. Correspondence was received from Brazil, Rumania, Hawaii, and Latvia, and samples of handwriting from Czechoslovakia, Italy, and other countries. Four portfolios were sent in reply to these and others prepared for new contacts including Holland, Sweden, and Scotland. "The letters from foreign countries were so interesting," says the report, "that many of my students wish to visit these countries. This work cultivates international goodwill and respect because the boys and girls feel that the students across the water are their cousins and friends. It has done away with many petty prejudices. Replies to our work were satisfactory."

The Junior and Senior English classes of the same school, under the direction of Miss Ruth C. Anderson, also carried on correspondence. The first set of letters to Switzerland used holiday customs of America as the central theme. The letters were illustrated with colored pictures. The second set, about American authors, was a remarkably well prepared portfolio and stimulated in reply a "most interesting group of letters on Swiss authors and artists. These letters were truly worth while."

Other correspondence was sent on such topics as school activities, interesting places in California, wild flowers of California, birds, poetry, the interest of science study for boys, and women writers of America. Naturally, as soon as replies came, "the interest was keener, the willingness of students to take part, better. They were stimulated to write an answer to a letter received." "International Correspondence has its chief value," said Miss Anderson, "in stimulating good-will, interest in, and respect for other countries. The students learn to know other things and other people and so have a better feeling for them. While actually working on the portfolios, I sometimes think the effort expended to get results is not worth while, but after the work is over and I hear comments made by one student to another, I really do feel that a great deal of good is accomplished."

It is through teachers with vision of this sort that the educative possibilities are best realized; and by letting the activity grow into the life of a school and become one of its traditions that the broadest social benefits are made possible.



# The Lost Hour

## A New Year's Puppet Show

Ethel Blair Jordan

Illustrations by Catherine Lewis

### CHARACTERS

SANTA CLAUS  
GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK  
BEN  
ANNA DOMINE NINETEENTWENTYSIX  
LISA  
FIORETTA

TEDDY BEAR  
PINOCCHIO  
PIERROT  
COLUMBINE  
JACK FROST  
THE PRONOUNS, I, ME, AND MY

### SCENE I

*Red-and-white room. Bed in corner with SANTA CLAUS lying on it. Red fur-trimmed cap and empty toy bag lie on floor. Calendar on wall marked December 26. A knock at the door. SANTA CLAUS rolls over on bed. Another knock. He kicks one foot. A third knock.*

SANTA CLAUS (*without sitting up*): Come in!

*(The door opens slowly and very wide. A tall GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK stalks in, leaning on a cane. His hands point to 25 minutes to five, which gives his face a very sad expression. The top of his lid is pulled far down over his eyes. He sees SANTA CLAUS on the bed and turns to the door.)*

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK: Ben!

*(In runs a little alarm clock. His hands point to 10 minutes past ten, which gives him a cheerful expression. He jumps on the bed and dances all over SANTA CLAUS' head. SANTA CLAUS sits up, and the little clock jumps down.)*

SANTA CLAUS: What the—? Who the —? Why the —? Oh, it's you, little Ben!

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK (*striking floor with cane*): And me, sir! And me!

SANTA CLAUS (*peevishly*): I do think I might be allowed one week's sleep out of the year!

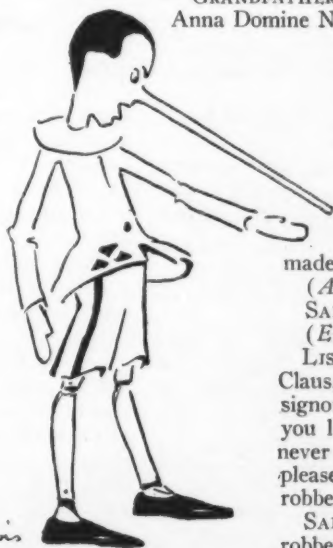
GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK: Pray, sir, do not talk of sleep now. I have the honor to inform you that I, Ding van Dong, of the old Dutch nobility, have been robbed of an hour! Robbed, by Pinocchio!

SANTA CLAUS (*quickly*): You don't mean the Italian puppet who wants so much to be a human boy! Dear, dear, that's too bad! But how did he steal your hour?

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK: He cut it off, sir! Observe! *(He pushes his lid back, showing that the Roman numerals XII and I have been cut from his face.)*

SANTA CLAUS: Why didn't you protect yourself? You have hands!

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK (*turning away and coughing*): Well, the fact is—egad, sir! All great men have weaknesses. Napoleon wished to



*If I'm telling a lie may my nose grow three inches*



*I have the honor to inform you that I, Ding van Dong, have been robbed of an hour*

found a line of kings; Alexander the Great sighed for new worlds to conquer; and I, sir, I have long wanted to be a wristwatch.

SANTA CLAUS: What!

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK: Certainly. It is very dull to stand in a corner where nothing ever happens. A wristwatch goes everywhere. Of course, I would have to reduce, and Pinocchio said if I would lend him an hour he would tell me how. But he ran away instead!

SANTA CLAUS: Well, it's your own fault and you must do the best you can.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK: I see, sir, that you do not comprehend the full measure of this calamity. Anna!

*(Enter a pretty doll dressed in a white robe with a long white veil over her face.)*

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK: Permit me to present Miss Anna Domine Nineteentwentsix, who cannot enter the world till my hour is found.

SANTA CLAUS: Why not?

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK: Because, sir, her hour of entrance is from twelve to one on January 1st and that hour is gone!

SANTA CLAUS (*rubbing his head*):

Dear me, dear me! This is serious!

Pinocchio must be found at once and made to return this hour.

*(A knock at the door.)*

SANTA CLAUS: Come in!

*(Enter LISA and FIORETTA.)*

LISA: Good evening to you, Signor Santa Claus, Your Excellency, and to you, old signore, and to you, young signore, though you look more like a clock than a boy, but never mind; that's not the point. If you please, Excellency, there's been a terrible robbery!

SANTA CLAUS: Another? Who has been robbed?

LISA: Why, Fioretta here and—and—another, who is an honest, hard-working, good

woman with much to do and little to say, who wrongs nobody and helps everybody, who—

SANTA CLAUS (*with hands over ears*): Who is this wonderful person?

LISA: It is—it is—this person! (*She points to herself.*)

SANTA CLAUS: Why don't you say it's yourself?

LISA: That's just it!—can't!—have been robbed!—words taken away from—!

FIORETTA: Dear Santa Claus, let me explain. Lisa has had her personal pronouns stolen. She has no "I," "me," and "my!"

LISA (*weeping*): The words this person (*touching herself*) always loved best, Excellency!

FIORETTA: As for me, I've had half of my laugh stolen. I used to laugh a great deal and always in two syllables. Now I only laugh in one. (*She laughs.*) Ha!

SANTA CLAUS: But who—

LISA and FIORETTA: Pinocchio!

(*A knock at the door. Enter TEDDY BEAR wearing a policeman's belt and cap and holding Pinocchio by the arm.*)

ALL: PINOCCHIO!

TEDDY BEAR (*touching his cap to SANTA CLAUS*): I see this young character a-chasin' over the ice-field in a against-the-safety-of-the-Constitution manner, so I took him up, sir, in case.

SANTA CLAUS: Quite right, Officer Bear. You may leave him to us. Here is a contribution for the North Pole Police Fund.

(TEDDY BEAR *salutes and goes out.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*holding up hand*): Now, everybody sit down. (*All sit except GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK, who leans against wall, and PINOCCHIO, who stands before SANTA CLAUS.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*kindly*): Now, my puppet, why did you steal the hour, the laugh, and the words?

PINOCCHIO: I took the hour to help Grandfather's Clock; I took the laugh to invest it wisely and double it for Fioretta; I took the words (*he giggles*) because Lisa has no use for them!

ALL: Wicked Pinocchio!

SANTA CLAUS (*sternly*): You are not telling the truth.

PINOCCHIO (*solemnly, raising right hand and turning back to audience*): If I'm telling a lie, may my nose grow three inches! Oh! Oh! (*He claps hands to nose and whirls round. His nose has grown very long.*)

SANTA CLAUS: See what comes of lying!

PINOCCHIO (*falling on knees and holding up clasped hands*): I'll tell the truth! I thought if I took a lot of unusual presents to the magician he would turn me into a human boy.

SANTA CLAUS: Instead of which you have turned yourself into a thief.

PINOCCHIO: I will never tell another lie.

SANTA CLAUS: So much the better, for every time you lie your nose will grow an inch.

PINOCCHIO (*sitting flat on floor*): Oh, don't let it grow any more! Think what a lot of it there is to be frost-bitten! Think what an enormous cold I could have!

SANTA CLAUS: Then be careful! But if you want it short again you must give back the things you took.

PINOCCHIO: I can't.

ALL: What!

PINOCCHIO: I hid the words in the dictionary and the poor things were so thin and overworked (*LISA jumps up*) that when I shut the book I couldn't find them again.

(*LISA shakes her hand at him.*)

FIORETTA: And my laugh?

PINOCCHIO (*hanging head*): I did mean to return your laugh, Fioretta, but the north wind snatched it away from me and before I could catch him that silly bear cop arrested me.

FIORETTA: Never mind, Pinocchio; half a laugh is better than none.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK: And my hour, graceless youth, my hour?

PINOCCHIO (*carelessly*): Oh, that! I lost that sliding with the polar bears.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK: All is lost!

SANTA CLAUS: Oh, wretched puppet, do you know what you have done? Look! (*He takes ANNA DOMINE by the hand and leads her to PINOCCHIO.*) This is Anna Domine.

PINOCCHIO (*touching his forehead and bowing*): Good evening, your ladyship.

SANTA CLAUS: This is the New Year.

PINOCCHIO: She doesn't look like a very happy one.

SANTA CLAUS: No, because you have lost the hour through which she was to enter the world.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, I'm sorry; I chose that hour because I

thought it wouldn't be missed—most honest folk are asleep by then—I never thought of this!

SANTA CLAUS: But you *should* think—how do you expect to be a human being if you don't think?

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK: Tush! tush! Cease this idle talk! What of my hour?

SANTA CLAUS (*sadly*): Your hours are numbered.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK: Yes, yes, of course they are! Anybody can see that! But what's going to happen?

SANTA CLAUS (*very solemnly*): The Old Year is dying; from his lonely couch in the window of his stately ice palace he gazes out across the far-off hills and sees the days glide past; five more dawns will rise above the snow-crowned peaks and tint the grey, wild lands with rosy color; five more noons will blaze their way across the wintry sky and fill the world with splendid golden flame; five more nights will fling their black, star-spangled cloaks upon the air and flood the dark with lovely, silvery light; and then—

PINOCCHIO (*in a whisper*): And then?



Officer Bear came in holding Pinocchio by the arm



SANTA CLAUS: Then—nothing. The Old Year dies, the night wheels on, and stops. There is no dawn, nor light, nor warmth. Far underground the little seeds will die of cold. Above the ground the little children will die for lack of warmth and light. The world is slowing down; the hour draws near when it must stop—forever.

PINOCCHIO (*falling on his knees again*): Oh, no! no! I will find the hour! And the other things, too!

SANTA CLAUS: Go, then. Bring back the words and the laugh and your nose shall be short; bring back the hour because it is right.

PINOCCHIO: I will! In five days I will be back!

Curtain

## SCENE II

(*JACK FROST's house. Room hung in white, sparkling with frost. PIERROT and COLUMBINE sit huddled in chairs. Enter PINOCCHIO with bundle. He lets it fall.*)

PIERROT (*joyfully*): Pinocchio! Our friend of former days,

Who acted with us in so many plays!

PINOCCHIO: Pierrot! Old friends! (*All shake hands.*) But why are you here?

PIERROT: Alas! All through the dreamy summer days

We danced and sang along the forest ways.

We scorned all work. But Jack Frost came; since then

He's held us captive in this icy den.

COLUMBINE: But what's the matter with your nose?

PINOCCHIO: I'm ashamed to tell you out loud. Come closer.

(*They put their heads together and PINOCCHIO whispers a minute.*)

PINOCCHIO (*out loud*): However, I have the words in this dictionary. (*Points to bundle.*)

PIERROT: A dictionary! I've long wanted one.

If I had that, rhyme-making would be fun.

PINOCCHIO: No!

PIERROT: Please!

PINOCCHIO: Oh, take it!

(*PIERROT kneels by bundle. PINOCCHIO holds up small white bundle.*)

PINOCCHIO: The wind hid the laugh in this flag, but I found it!

COLUMBINE: A laugh? Let me see!

PINOCCHIO: No! (*COLUMBINE weeps.*) You need it more than Fioretta.

(*Gives her the bundle. She buries her face in it and begins to laugh, waving the flag, which is a Red Cross flag.*)

PIERROT laughs.



The Pronouns ran to Lisa who welcomed them joyfully

PINOCCHIO  *rubs his nose.*)

(*Enter JACK FROST.*)

JACK FROST: What's all this? What do you want, Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO: I heard you had my lost hour.

JACK FROST: Yes, it was turned in to me by Officer Seagull, of the Polar Investigation Squad.

PINOCCHIO: Give it to me!

JACK FROST: Not unless you'll work a week in my exterior decorating department. I'm short of window-pane painters.

PINOCCHIO: But this is the 28th! I can work only three days!

JACK FROST: Then you'll only get three-quarters of your hour. No use arguing. That's final.

PINOCCHIO: I suppose it can't be helped. Anna is not very fat. Perhaps she can squeeze through!



Poor Pinocchio with his frost-bitten nose all bandaged

Curtain

## SCENE III

(*SANTA CLAUS' room. All sit as before. Calendar marked December 31st. Enter PINOCCHIO slowly, nose bandaged, one end sticking out. All spring up.*)

ALL: Have you brought them?

PINOCCHIO: Not the words nor the laugh, and only part of the hour.

SANTA CLAUS: What good is part of the hour?

PINOCCHIO: I thought Anna might squeeze through that.

(*Enter the PRONOUNS—a long black I, a short black ME and MY.*)

PRONOUNS: Shut up in the dictionary

Next to "reciprocity"

We found this so salutary

That it seemed to "I," "My," "Me,"

We ought to help Pinocchio

Who tried to help us three.

(*They run to LISA, who welcomes them.*)

LISA: Oh, little pronouns! You shall never be over-worked again!

(*Enter COLUMBINE with flag. She gives it to FI-ORETTA.*)

FIORETTA: Ha, ha, ha, ha! Why I laugh twice as much!

COLUMBINE: Of course. A laugh always increases when it is shared.

(*PINOCCHIO's nose becomes short. He goes to door and brings in a hoop, one-fourth covered with paper.*)

PINOCCHIO: Here's the three-quarters of an hour. (*ANNA tries in vain to squeeze through.*)

ALL: Oh, she can't!

(*Enter PIERROT, breathless.*)

PIERROT: One good turn deserves another!

(*Continued on page 99*)

# Our Silk Worms

*THIS silk worm diary came in a correspondence portfolio from the Adelaide Cairoli school for girls in Rome. The photographs illustrating it were furnished by Mr. T. A. Keleher, of the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture. He raises silk worms as a pastime, feeding them with leaves from mulberry trees grown in his back yard. Mr. Keleher also furnishes silk worm eggs to schools in the United States, which have carried on the same kind of observations as those reported by the little Italian girls.—EDITOR'S NOTE.*

MAY 3.

THE other day our teacher asked us if some among us could bring some mulberry leaves so that we could raise silk worms in our classroom. I did not know the mulberry tree and nearly all the other girls were like me; but Cantucci, who lives in the country, said there were many mulberries near her house, and one morning she brought a bunch of the leaves. They are large and vivid green, with denticulated edges and many veins, some are lobed and others are not.

We put the leaves, a little broken and without stems, into a big paste-board box. Meanwhile our teacher told us that the leaves must be always dry. Finally she showed us the worms and the eggs from which they are hatched. How small they are! like sand, and of a dark gray color. Others are already empty. All the worms are not born at the same time and are not all of the same size. How odd and ugly they are! Small, small, thin, thin, and dark, dark, poor little worms. The body is formed of rings and at first the head, which is very, very small and black, is quite impossible to distinguish. When they are a little bigger and of a grayish color we call them larvæ.

We put them on the leaves in the box and each time we passed near it we looked at them. When the lesson was over, all the leaves were eaten. These very small animals had eaten all the time we were studying.

Just today, our principal told us to take care of the worms so as to show them at our exhibition at the end of the school year.

MAY 7.

How much our silk worms have grown!

It seems that they eat slowly, slowly, but very quickly they gnaw the edge of the leaf. Now we can distinguish the rings of their bodies quite well; they are a lighter color, and eat more and more. Castellani, Arista and Cantucci take special care of them, carrying them home on holidays.

This morning when I entered the room, my comrades told me they were dead. Without even laying down my school satchel, I ran to the silk worms and saw they were stiff, their heads were high and they did not eat.

But our teacher laughed at our fears: She said the worms were asleep and told us to look carefully in the box tomorrow and we would see something new. She added that silk worms sleep four times in their lives before making their cocoons.

MAY 8.

We are all gathered around the box of the silk worms to see. They have awakened and they eat quickly, quickly. We look and look again at them. Besides the ordinary small grains which were always in the box, there are other things, yellowish, wrinkly and dry and a little dark. They are the skins of the silk worms, for while sleeping they changed their skins. What funny animals!

MAY 9.

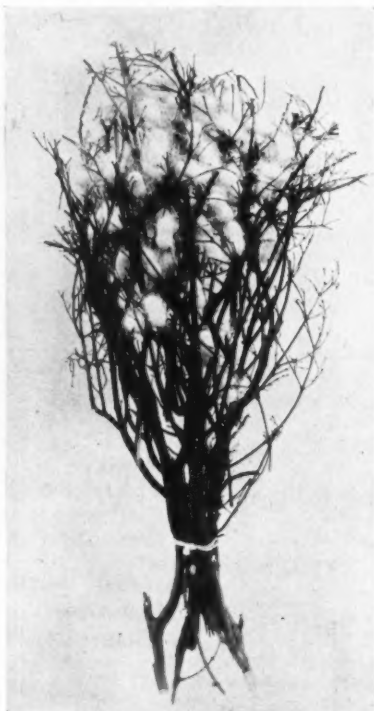
Castellani has brought another box larger than the first one, and we have divided the silk worms, putting a small number in each box. When our teacher told us to take them, nobody wanted to touch them because this made us shiver. But she showed us how easy it was to transfer them from one box into

the other. One lets the worms crawl onto the leaves and removes these.

MAY 10.

Today I have carefully observed the silk worms and have spoken about them with our teacher.

They are called herbivorous because they feed only on the leaves of the mulberry tree. As they have no bones they are invertebrates. They are called insects. Their blood is colorless, not red, and they have tracheal respiration. Their bodies are formed of eight rings, the last one contracts in the form of a tail with a small appendix on it; they have sixteen little feet, of which one pair is near the head and the others are along the



*Bunches of twigs in which the worms may spin their cocoons*

body. Our teacher told us that these were false feet. Every day Castellani and Arista clean the boxes well.

MAY 26.

Saturday was a holiday for the anniversary of the declaration of war; yesterday was Sunday, so that we were two days without seeing our silk worms, which have prepared a surprise for us. Four of them have spun a kind of cobweb which is fixed between the leaves and the angles of the box, and in the middle of this they have formed the cocoon.

The other day, our teacher told me to bring some small twigs, but I did not understand exactly what she wanted and brought a bunch of little sticks, which have served for nothing.

But fortunately our principal gave us the twigs. Then our teacher divided the worms into several groups. All those which were yellowish she put into the larger box. Then we made bunches of the twigs and set them up in the box. It was easy to tell which worms wished to make their cocoon, not only by their color but because they move their heads, sending out of their mouths a bright thread, which is silk. Between the twigs, our teacher has put the cocoons already begun, detaching them daintily, taking great care not to crush them. One cocoon was already fastened so strongly that it was impossible to detach it. How quickly the silk worms have climbed up in order to do their work! I observe a cocoon begun a very short time ago, and I see it quite distinct from the shortened silk worm which unceasingly moves its little head. How nice it is to see! Now the worm has become a chrysalis.

JUNE 2.

All the silk worms are going to the twigs and the chrysalises are all enclosed in cocoons. They are of cylindrical shape, with round ends, a little hard and enveloped in silk threads which are clear and very, very light. So we have seen all the first part of the metamorphosis of the silk worms.

There is one silk worm which has done nothing. It was shut up in a hole under a dry leaf, looking for a place to eat, but the leaf is dry and it cannot eat it. Arista,

who was in charge of it, has not been careful and did not provide it with other leaves. We are all trying to find some, but Miss Mangili has none. Poor silk worm. Tomorrow shall we find it still living?

JUNE 3.

Dead! Today we found it dead, lying in an angle of the box, motionless, wrinkled, yellow. I, who was fond of the silk worms, have had a real sorrow in seeing it dead. All the others have made their cocoons, and it has had such a pitiful end!

JUNE 12.

This morning I have gone down to the exhibition room to finish my composition.

Nearly all the cocoons are perforated. Their holes are as round as if they had been made with a compass. Each chrysalis, transformed into a butterfly, has gone out. On a sheet of paper on the table in front of our box the butterflies have laid a quantity of eggs.

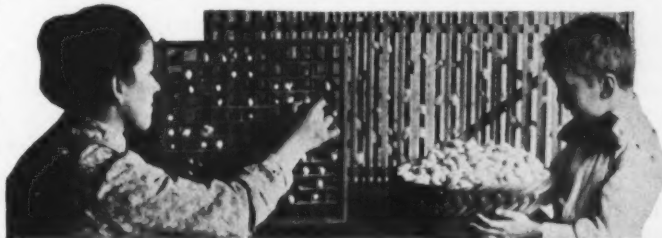
The butterflies are entirely white with bodies smooth like velvet. They have two pairs of wings and six small legs, which are white also. When the butterfly wishes to fly it seems not to be able to sustain the weight of its body, but suddenly alights on the leaves. The butterflies are more beautiful to see than

the silk worms. In order to get out of the cocoon they send outside a viscous substance which softens the cocoon so that it is easier to bore through. From the eggs they have laid other little silk worms will be born in the next spring. The eggs are tiny, round and of yellowish color. I think that in color and shape they look rather like tapioca. They are stuck on the paper and do not come unfastened, perhaps because they are too soft. First they are yellowish, but later, with time, they become light gray, and then darken.

In order to have the silk thread come well, it is necessary that the cocoon remain unperforated and that the chrysalis die. So in the silk industry the cocoons are subjected to a special treatment. They are exposed to the sun or put into an oven, or into the steam of boiling water in order to kill the chrysalis and have the thread remain whole. Only the threads in the middle part of the cocoon can be spun; the inside and outside parts are not suitable for silk.



*The life history of the silk worm—from egg to moth and back to egg again*



*Eight days after the worms begin spinning them the cocoons may be gathered*



# In Alaska

IF your family should happen to move to Alaska to live, many things would seem strange to you, but at least you would be likely to find other Juniors there. If you went to Point Barrow, for two months out of the year you would not see the sun at all. That is the northernmost tip of the territory. Yet there is a two-room government school there and the farthest north Junior Red Cross in the Western Hemisphere. The eighty-nine children in the school sent in their enrollment dues and made a portfolio for exchange with a school in the Philippines. A hundred miles south of Point Barrow is Wainwright, where all the fifty-six pupils in the one-room school are Juniors, too.

Kanatak, on the Alaska Peninsula, is many miles to the southward. This is part of what a nurse tells about her visit when she went there and organized the school:

"On Sunday I left Seward on the *Starr* for Kanatak, a 'boom' town, where the oil companies are drilling for petroleum. We had a very stormy passage through Cook's Inlet; every one was sea sick. You may be sure we were glad to hear the whistle blow announcing that we were near Kanatak. We anchored about an eighth of a mile from shore and a dory came out to get us. There is no dock, so only rowboats and dories can be brought to the beach. We were put over the side of the ship and the men, standing up, began to row toward the little group of people waiting on the water front. We could not land, even with the dory, so strong seamen in hip boots carried us ashore.

"It was evening and Kanatak looked very lonely. It is built like a horse shoe and is partly enclosed by very high, barren mountains, with not a tree nor a bush of any sort to be seen. To the right, as we approached the shore we saw what is called 'old town,' a few stores and other business houses; to the left were many new shacks put up hastily by prospectors who have come with the hope of making a fortune if oil is discovered.

"In the center of this queer town are a dozen 'barabaras,' where the natives live. These huts are partly under ground and covered with mud and drift wood. The doors are so low that I am sure you would bump your heads, as I did, when I first entered them. The Indian natives dress very much like white people. They have a chief whose word is law. Many of their names show that Alaska once belonged to Russia. Here are a few: Katerena Kalmakoff, Agrepena Stefon, Stefoneda Gregaroff, Nechali Elanak.

"There is a Russian Greek Church and the chief is called the 'Second Priest,' and holds services most of the time, because the 'First Priest' cannot come. Along the beach, in front of their huts,

are the Indians' walrus hide boats turned bottom side up on racks. The natives have dozens and dozens of dogs. They are 'malmutes,' beautiful animals that are part wolf. The puppies are like soft, wooly lambs, except that they are colored gray, yellow and brown. The dogs at Kanatak howl at night. I think the poor things may be hungry. They eat fish, but toward spring the fish is scarce. The natives salt it in the fall and put it in a hut called a 'cache.'"

There are just four pupils in the school at Wasilla, about one hundred and fifty miles north of Seward, on the Alaska Railroad. All four are Juniors and each month they send in a small contribution to the National Children's Fund. The three boys earn theirs by sawing wood, but in the extreme cold of midwinter they cannot do this work. The girl who gets wages for acting as janitor for the school has to give some of her earnings, to her family. Nevertheless, last Christmas these Juniors made gifts, provided clothing and raised twelve



The Sevoonga Eskimos count their wealth in furs, skins and ivory. The Juniors collected the things in this picture to pay for their subscription to the News. Their total value is 50 1/2 cents

dollars for toys, nuts and candies for a family of seven half-breed Indian children.

For more than three months now the people of St. Lawrence Island, which is in Bering Sea, only thirty-five miles from the coast of Siberia, have been cut off from the outside world. It will be May before the Coast Guard ship comes up with the mail. This means that the children of the big village of Sevoonga, who are regular subscribers to the *News*, get their magazines a whole year behind the rest of the American Juniors. Sevoonga gets mail but three times a year so you can imagine what the coming of that ship means.

One of the biggest things that ever happened to the island occurred about eighteen months ago. The United States Bureau of Education ship *Boxer* sailed up with a radio apparatus on board. It was installed at once. The natives themselves have a part ownership of it, and now through the long months of isolation they can listen to programs of all kinds sent through the air from Seattle and other ports of the Pacific coast.

The Sevoonga Juniors have had a school for only five terms and so they still find English rather difficult. Yet they made a fine portfolio and sent it down to Washington last spring, asking that it be sent to some school in Florida. And we had a letter the other day from the teacher up there saying that this summer the children had been busy collecting feathers and gathering and pressing flowers for a portfolio to be sent to some foreign country by next May's boat. Here are some paragraphs from the portfolio that went to Florida:

#### WHAT WE WEAR AND HOW WE SEW

Our mittens are made of seal skin. My parka is my coat. It is reindeer skin. My mukluks are made of seal skin. They are my boots or my shoes. The kyluk is made from walrus intestine. The kyluk is my raincoat.

My beads are carved from walrus teeth. They are very pretty.

We sew our clothes with an ivory needle, and use whale and reindeer sinew for our thread. Most of our clothes are made of fur. They are very warm.

#### WHAT WE EAT

We get most of our own food by hunting and can buy the rest from our store.

We like whale meat to eat, and fish, and walrus meat cooked in water.

Reindeer meat is very good.

We eat the meat of the mukluk, which is a very big seal.

We eat cormorants, which the men shoot with a shot gun, and eider ducks' eggs from the nests in the cliffs.

We eat some white bread, and sometimes we eat pop-corn. We buy beans and onions from the store.

#### THE REINDEER

The deer came from Siberia about two hundred years ago. We have now about 6,000 reindeer on our island. They are not all in one herd, but are scattered around in many herds. We have herders for the deer.

Two boys look after the deer at a time. They are called reindeer boys. They walk many miles to take care of the deer. The fawns are a pretty color. The reindeer can run very fast. Some are white, some are black, and some are spotted. They are very useful to us.

Money is little used on St. Lawrence, so when the Sevoonga Juniors wanted to subscribe to the *News* they did not send cash or a money order to Washington. Instead, they sent in a bit of walrus tusk, a piece of fawn skin, and the other articles shown in the picture. The value of these things came to fifty and one-twelfth cents, so that your Alaskan friends more than paid for that year's subscription. By the last mail out this fall, though, these Juniors sent in a dollar in money, half for another subscription to the *News* and half for the National Children's Fund.

Near Sevoonga there is the deserted village of Kuluk, where much old walrus ivory is buried. The ivory is the same as money, for it is exchanged at the store for food and other necessities, and the Eskimo Juniors are digging it for enrollment and Junior service.

## Send Jellies and Jams to a Hospital

ON the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota the Sioux girls are learning in their Home Economics class to make wholesome and dainty things which often find their way to the school hospital.

The Indians make a jelly of their own from buffalo berries, which grow abundantly on the prairies of the Northwest. It has a delicate quince-like flavor and it grows like holly, with the berries close to the stem, no bigger than huckleberries.



*Buffalo berries grow abundantly on the plains of the Northwest*

The Calendar picture for this month shows us two energetic American Juniors making jams and jellies for hospitals. Last year the Junior Red Cross of the District of Columbia sent over twenty-three hundred jars of delicacies to the ex-service men in hospitals in and about Washington.

Sales of preserved fruits in every part of the country have brought in generous sums for the National Children's Fund and for local projects.

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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*I'm glad the sky is painted blue  
And the earth is painted green,  
With such a lot of nice, fresh air  
All sandwiched in between.*

—Home Book of Verse for Young Folks

## 'WHY I JOINED THE JUNIOR RED CROSS'

IRENE YOUNG, who lives in Melbourne, Australia, tells in the Australian Junior Red Cross magazine what made her want to be a Junior. She says: "I first heard of the Junior Red Cross from a girl friend who was a member of the society. Several times, when visiting the orphanages, she would ask me to accompany her, which I did. When I came home and saw how much better off I was than those children it made me feel that I would like to help make others happier.

"Although I had my mother's permission I did not join then, and perhaps, after all, it was best, because I did not understand the meaning of it all. I used to think that all one had to do was to take clothes to the orphanages and give small concerts. One day, while playing, I saw two young children quarrelling. Going over to them I managed to quiet them, and set them playing ball peacefully. It made me feel quite happy to have made them friends again.

"It was then that I finally decided to become a Junior Red Cross girl. From that time on one thing taught me another, as in life small things will teach me bigger things; but to begin to be a true member of the Junior Red Cross I must learn—or try to learn—all that our motto, "I serve," means. Consideration, according to my idea, is the first rule, for being considerate will help me to be kind and gentle, not only to older people

but to persons who are weaker than I or more unfortunate, or whose happiness depends on me.

"So that I may grow up a strong, healthy woman, I must attend to the rules of health now, because then I will be able to perform the work that I may need to do. I also must learn to be careful and clean.

"Alone I could not do much, but by joining the chain of Junior Red Cross girls the little I can do, when joined with theirs, amounts to something. For these reasons, and because it will help to make me honest, thoughtful, clean-minded, just and charitable, and teach me to help the poor and unfortunate, I joined the Junior Red Cross. I will always try to remember the motto, 'I serve'."

## SUBSCRIPTIONS TO FOREIGN JUNIOR MAGAZINES

MODERN language classes will be interested to learn that American schools can now subscribe to both the Austrian and the Belgian Junior magazines. The price for the Austrian periodical, the only Junior magazine printed in German, is fifty cents a year, postage prepaid by the Austrian Red Cross. It is published ten times a year, October to July, inclusive. One free copy will be given if there are ten subscribers from any one school. The subscription should be in dollars and by check made to Dr. Wilhelm Viola, Austrian Junior Red Cross, Vienna I, Heereswesen, Stubenring.

The Belgian periodical, which is in French, will cost you twenty-eight cents for the ten numbers issued from October to July, inclusive. The check should be made as follows: Croix Rouge de Belgique, Section de la Croix Rouge de la Jeunesse, 80 rue de Livourne, Bruxelles, and forwarded to that address. The Austrian magazine is issued about the fifth of the month and the Belgian about the twentieth.

Perhaps there are in the United States children who would like to read in the original Lettish the Latvian Junior magazine or in Polish the Junior periodical published in Poland. A year's subscription to the Latvian magazine is one dollar and may be sent by check or money order to the Latvian Junior Red Cross, Skolas iela 1, Riga, Latvia. The yearly price for the Polish magazine is one dollar and a half. The money order should be made and sent to the Junior Section of the Polish Red Cross, Smolna 6, Warsaw, Poland.

## THE NEW YEAR

Dinah M. Craik

Who comes dancing over the snow,  
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?  
Open the door, though the wild winds blow,  
Take the child in and make him cozy.  
Take him in and hold him dear,  
He is the wonderful glad New Year.

—The Red Cross Junior, Toronto.



*When Andy went back to school  
Mimi went with him*

*She was the most appealing little  
ball of dark fur*

**H**IS name was Andreas, but they called him Andy for short when he came to live in the little mining village in Pennsylvania. He could speak both Slovak and Hungarian and in the schoolhouse on the edge of the woods he found other boys and girls who spoke his languages and who knew almost as little English as he did.

The teacher, Miss Alice, was very jolly. She drew trees and shoes and dishes on the blackboard and Andy began to learn their names rapidly. But how can you draw "heat" and "thought" and "happy," and things like that?

Next door to Andy lived John Fulton, American-born. John undertook to coach Andy in his lessons and was proud of his pupil, but also amazed at the surprises in his own language. He had not realized that it was so difficult for an outsider.

"Why you make so hard?" asked Andy, perspiring when he found that though you could say "sleds" and "books" and "boys" you must say "men" not "mans" and "sheep" not "sheeps" whether there was one or many.

"Search me," said John gloomily. "I'd get it changed if I could!"

The schoolhouse was lined with warm-colored wood. The pupils had pinned up drawings of their own and pictures cut from papers. Among them was one of a laughing boy with a smutty face looking out from a coal pit. Andy laughed back, for he knew without being told what it meant.

"That's a cover from our magazine," the others said. "We're all Juniors here."

"Juniors?" said Andy puzzled. "What's that?"

They explained in three languages and it ended by Andy's offering to sweep the schoolroom two days a week for the rest of the winter and in being acclaimed a Junior on the spot. Proudly he wrote his name on the roll.

In the spring Andy was ill. One day when he was lonely and grouchy the foreman brought him a tiny



## Andreas and Mimi

Anna Milo Upjohn

Illustrations by the Author

black kitten—the funniest, gayest, most appealing ball of dark fur with big eyes and a pointed tail. Andy named her Mimi and the two were never seen apart. When he went back to school Mimi went with him and sat in a fluffy bunch on the window sill near his desk.

On one side of the village there was a huge black heap of slag, and smoke stacks and tracks. But on the other side a huckleberry patch rolled right down to the end of the two streets with their gray cottages all alike. Here the boys used to sit looking over the gracious hills with their

long lines and rich woodland, their big red barns and tilled fields and the white roads winding over them. Beyond the huckleberry patch was a great wood of oak and chestnut. As the warm days came on John and Andy used to explore this wood after school. One day they came upon a clearing white with strawberry blossoms as though with powdered snow.

"Gee," said John, "think what this will be in July!" Then they pledged each other to secrecy. They would keep the strawberry patch for themselves and make a lot of money selling the fruit at the hotel.

Early in the summer there was trouble in the mine—and then Andy learned a new and ugly word, "strike"—and soon an uglier one, "scab." It began to float about the playground at recess one day.

"None of that," said Miss Alice firmly, from the door. "Remember that here you are all Juniors." And the pupils agreed to "cut it out" and to stand together as friends, no matter what the grown-ups did.

But the strike soon began to change all their lives. Most of the men decided to walk out. And then they had to leave their homes, which belonged to the mine owners. They were given tents by the miners' union and these were pitched about half a mile from the schoolhouse. "Hurrah!" cried the boys, "we're going to camp out all summer!" and John felt a pang of envy, for his father had not joined the union and they were to live on in the gray cottage as usual. People began

packing up their belongings, and all day a line of carts and wheelbarrows and men carrying furniture trudged toward the camp. Andy's father was one of them. His mother cried as she took down the white curtains and the row of pans from her tidy kitchen, but Andy put Mimi into a covered basket and with his Sunday suit over the other arm set out gaily for

the new life which was to be a perpetual picnic. He would miss John, of course, but they would meet at school.

The next morning when Andy awakened Mimi was gone. He searched and called in vain and had to start for school with a lump in his throat. But at the school door he saw her waiting on the sill. That was the first of many troubled days, for as often as Andy took Mimi to the camp she ran back to the cottage where she had always been so comfortable and had had plenty of milk.

"Let her stay," said John, "I'll feed your kitty." And so it was settled. Every morning she came to school with John and sat on the window sill near Andy, and at night went back to the cottage.

"She ought to join up with the Juniors," said Mike Brady. "Then we'd be 100 per cent."

"All right, make her sign," said John. And Andy dipped a little black paw into the inkwell and placed it at the bottom of the roll.

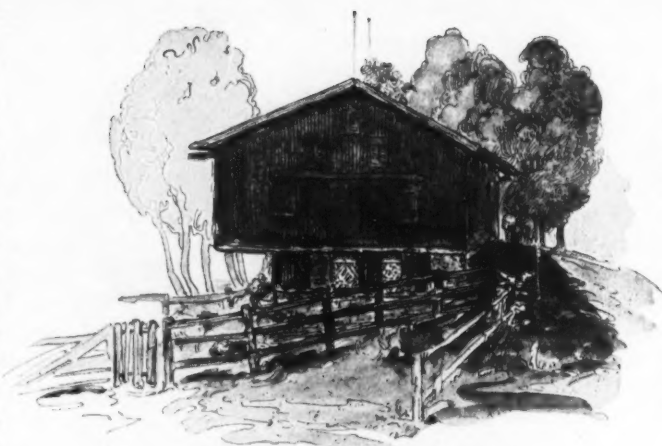
So Mimi made her mark.

Soon after that school closed. John found himself almost alone in the village. The camp children came that way only for drinking water, since all except employees were warned to keep off the premises. And Andy was lonely, too, for now he had lost both John and Mimi. He used to go to the spring at noon when the others came with their pails and then John would appear with Mimi tagging at his heels.

"You'd think that kitten was folks," said Martha Stanovitch, watching Andy stroke her.

"Perhaps it is to him," said Bella.

One day John thought of the strawberries. "They must be ripe," he said, and went off to the meadow. Down on his knees he saw the ground red with them and countless bunches of half-ripe



*The boys could see the big red barns and tilled fields and the white roads winding over them*

fruit under the leaves.

"My, what a lot," he murmured, "and I'll have them all to myself now. I'll pick and pick tomorrow and sell them for a lot of money." He chuckled as he sat on his heels cramming his mouth full.

But that evening he was very uneasy and stroked Mimi thoughtfully. After all it was no fun to go on a picnic alone. And did the field

belong to him? Before John went to sleep he had settled the matter. He would ask the others—they would make it a Junior picnic and sell the strawberries for their service fund.

The next morning he went to the foreman. "Mr. Morgan," he said, "we want to have a picnic up in the woods. You'll let the kids go through here, won't you?"

"No monkey shines," said the man.

"Honest Injun," said John.

"All right, go ahead."

And so the Juniors, 100 per cent strong, passed in orderly procession through the forbidden land heading for Paradise, Mimi leading the way with waving tail.

"Those kids know how to manage their affairs better than their parents do," said Mr. Morgan, as he saw them emerge from the woods at the end of the day, with brimming pails.

He was their first customer and John's mother bought a pailful of berries for shortcake. The rest went to the Inn on the Pike.

When John and Mimi parted from the others on the edge of the village, as usual, Mimi's face wore a mysterious smile. She was growing into a wise and patient little cat, and already she seemed to know how soon the campers would come trooping back to their proper homes, Andy to sleep in his own bed under the quilt on which Mimi loved to cuddle down, his mother to hang up her curtains, the men to go back to the mines, and the pupils to rush pell-mell to the little red school house at the clang of the bell. So Mimi sat on the doorstep with her little paws tucked under her and purred and purred.



*So Mimi made her mark*

# The Story the Gatekeeper Told

Edith Smith

THIS is the true story of Joseph Meister, a boy who lived in the village of Steige in Alsace. His father was a baker, and every morning he was up before dawn to make big loaves of bread, small crescent-shaped rolls and tempting pastries to be sold in his shop that day. Although Joseph went to school at eight in the morning, he was frequently up at five, walking the two miles into Meissengott and back to bring his father yeast in a big metal bowl.

One morning in July, 1885, when Joseph was nine years old he set off on this trip to Meissengott. As he had to be back in time for school, he could not stop to play in the fields, to whistle to the birds that skimmed and dipped above him, nor to look for elephants or giants in the clouds that drifted past him as he hurried along.

As he entered the town of Meissengott, Joseph looked for the big hunting dog, an old friend of his with whom he always stopped an instant to pass the time of day. Suddenly he saw him rushing out of a little alley between two houses, running queerly, his head swinging low, a strange noise in his throat. At once the dog seemed to see Joseph, not a friend but a stranger, carrying an infuriating, shiny bowl. He leaped toward the boy, snapping at him savagely. Joseph's screams brought a workman who beat off the dog with a club, but not before the child had been bitten on hands and arms and legs. While the owner of the dog, Mr. Vonné, locked up the furious beast, Joseph was taken to the house, his wounds were bathed, his clothes were mended and his bowl was filled with yeast.

"The dog must be mad," thought Joseph, sorrowing for his old friend, "otherwise he would never have forgotten what good times we have had together and bitten me like this."

Two hours passed, and Joseph knew that his father was waiting for the yeast and that he would be late for school, so taking his bowl he hurried off. So painful were his wounds and so exhausted was he, that

every few yards he had to lie down by the roadside to rest. He was finally helped home by a neighbor who had set out to find him.

No school for Joseph that day. Stiff and aching, he was put to bed and late that afternoon the doctor came to dress his wounds. There was nothing to be done. If the dog were mad Joseph must die; there was no known cure for hydrophobia. His mother sat by his bed and watched the hours pass in despair, waiting for the return of Mr. Vonné, who had taken his

pet to be examined by a veterinary surgeon in the next town.

On the way the dog had become worse, raging and snapping at men and animals, until finally some soldiers had shot him. When the veterinary examined the head he said that the animal had undoubtedly been mad.

Mr. Vonné poured out his story to the men in a restaurant where he had stopped to get some coffee while waiting for the coach to take him back to Steige.

"There is a chemist in Paris named Pasteur," said one of the listeners, a stranger, "I have read of him in a magazine. He has been experimenting for years on animals with hydrophobia, and they say he may have discovered a cure for the bite of a mad dog. So far he has worked only on animals. However, you might try. It would be a

chance worth taking to save the boy's life."

Mr. Vonné hurried back to the Meister home. He must tell them that the dog that had bitten Joseph had been mad. Their agony would overwhelm them. But—Pasteur—Paris. Maybe—maybe there was hope!

Joseph's mother listened to Mr. Vonné in silence. Then she rose instantly, swiftly packed a few things in an old basket and wrapped Joseph in shawls.

"We will go to Paris," she said quietly. "This man Pasteur, he cannot refuse us."

Taking Mr. Vonné with them they set off on the long, dreary ride.

Paris at last! The great city stretched out on every side, farther than the eye could see. In the mother's



*Pasteur, the great man with kindly eyes*



heart was a great despair and a great hope. She would scarcely stop to rest or eat. Time was everything. Even now the deadly poison must be at work in her child's blood. Somewhere in that myriad of houses, she must find a man named Pasteur. And she must find him soon—soon! All day long they trudged the streets, going from hospital to hospital, asking everywhere.

At this time Pasteur had not yet convinced the medical men of the city. He was only a chemist, not a doctor, and the established physicians watched his experiments and discoveries doubtfully. For this reason no one wished to tell Joseph's mother where Pasteur could be found.

"I do not know him." "He is not in Paris." "Why do you want to find him? He is not a doctor." "Leave your boy in our hospital. We will care for him." These were the answers she received on all sides.

But when they saw her insistence, when at last she wept with despair, one told her grudgingly: "This chemist is perhaps at the normal school in the rue d'Ulm." And there she went in the late afternoon.

The great and simple man, who through years of research had sought the laws of the existence and destruction of germs, as a result of whose labors men were to find the means of curing infections, of wiping out disease and of checking horrible epidemics, looked at the wounded boy with a great ache in his heart. For years he had been working toward this moment and now—could it be done?

"I have worked only on animals," he told the mother, "I do not know that I can do anything for your child. I have tried this treatment on no human being."

"He will die without it," she said quietly. "With it he may live. I will give him to you and you will try."

With his own hands Pasteur made ready a room for the mother and the boy near his laboratories, and with thoughtful care saw to their every need and comfort. When he was sure that they would rest, he went in search of Dr. Grancher and Dr. Vulpian, with whom he had worked for many years. They hurried back with him to see the boy.

"Since the mother understands that you promise nothing and fear everything, you must try," they told Pasteur. So under their guidance, for he was only a chemist and could not care for patients, he began his injections with a harmless dose, increasing the strength day by day.

After the fright of the first day, when Joseph had cried out at the prick of the needle and Pasteur had coaxed him with bonbons, the boy had lost all fear. He played all day in the garden as happily as he ever had in his own flowering fields of

Alsace. He made friends with the animals that Pasteur kept for use in his experiments, taming them, caring for them, teaching the white mice, the guinea-pigs and rabbits to know him and to watch for his coming. And daily he learned more and more to love Pasteur, this tender, quiet man who brought him what he needed and was so very gentle.

For Pasteur the days were days of agony. What might another day bring forth? When might the child develop hydrophobia, when might his throat stiffen and his body be wracked with convulsions, or when might he die from the effects of the treatment? At night Joseph would waken to find Pasteur seated by his bed or bending anxiously over him. Playing in the garden, he would look up to see Pasteur, worn with anxiety and apprehension, watching him from a window.

At length the three weeks needed for the treatment came to an end and Joseph and his mother could return to Steige. The boy had escaped the dreadful fate that had hung over him. Pasteur was loath to let them go, and wrote the Meisters frequently in the months that followed. When Joseph was twelve he went to visit Pasteur in the Jura, and was received with joy by the family. By now Pasteur had cured many patients, among them a shepherd boy who had protected some children from a mad dog at the risk of his own life, and four little children who had been brought to Paris from America that the great man might cure them. Hydrophobia had been conquered and henceforth for the whole human race it was robbed of its terrors.

When young Meister was fourteen he spent a year in Paris with Pasteur, working at the laboratory and doing what he could to help, that others might be cured as he had been. Then he returned to Alsace and married, and in 1895 he heard that Pasteur had died.

Today, facing each other across the rue Dutot, in the part of Paris occupied by the great universities and scientific schools, the hospitals and laboratories, stand two stone buildings set in big gardens. Across the front of each are the words Pasteur Institute, and the bust of a kindly man with a noble head looks down upon the students and scholars, the patients and doctors who pass in and out the whole day long.

In 1913 Joseph Meister came once more to Paris, to live with his wife and five children in the little lodge by the high grilled gate that gives entrance to one of the buildings. As concierge he watches over the Institute. He says "Pasteur is the greatest of the heroes of France," and he shows you his hands, torn and scarred from the bites of a mad dog and tells how Pasteur saved his life many, many years ago when he would otherwise have died of the bites.



*The street named "Bath of the Flowers" in Strasbourg, Alsace*



Verka Javurek, a little Czecho-Slovakian girl. No sooner has she jumped out of bed than she begins health exercises

# Freeing the Captives

## A Health Play\*

### CHARACTERS

IGNORANCE	EDUCATION
THREE CHILDREN	GOOD HABITS
CLARA	CLEANLINESS
SYBIL	HAPPY THOUGHTS
ALICE	EXERCISE
BAD HABITS	FRESH AIR
DIRT	GOOD POSTURE
GREEDINESS	SLEEP
SWEET TOOTH	SELF-CONTROL
GROUCH	NEATNESS
POOR POSTURE	NOURISHING FOODS
LAZINESS	SIX MILK BOTTLES
LATE HOURS	QUEEN HEALTH
CARELESSNESS	



After the exercises, the bathing. She brushes her teeth and washes her neck and ears and cleans her finger nails

(Enter from left, IGNORANCE, leading three children in chains, followed by the bad habits—DIRT, GREEDINESS, SWEET TOOTH, GROUCH, POOR POSTURE, LAZINESS, LATE HOURS, CARELESSNESS. The children appear to be sick and cross.)

CLARA (with hand on her head): I have a headache.

SYBIL (whining): And I don't feel just right.

ALICE (holding her face): I have such a toothache.

SWEET TOOTH (handing SYBIL some candy): Don't you want some candy?

SYBIL: Sure.

GROUCH touches CLARA to get her to quarrel with SYBIL.

CLARA: You give me some of that candy!

(As CLARA grabs for the candy, it falls to the floor. DIRT steps up. SYBIL picks it up and looks at the dirt on it.)

IGNORANCE: Go ahead and eat that candy. Dirt won't hurt you.

SYBIL starts to obey.

(Enter EDUCATION from the right, with a large book labelled Hygiene.)

EDUCATION: Oh, look at these poor, unhappy captives of ignorance! Children, have you never heard of the beautiful Land of Health?

ALICE: No.

EDUCATION: I will tell you about it. Up the road there is a lovely land where the sun shines all of the time and the birds are all singing. You don't have aches and pains there.

SYBIL: It would be nice to go there. I would feel better.

ALICE: It would be grand not to have a toothache.

CLARA: Let's go!

(The children try to go with EDUCATION, but the BAD HABITS pull them back.)

SYBIL (with a sad face): Oh, we cannot go.

ALICE: Ignorance and his bad habits will keep us here.

CLARA (to EDUCATION): How can we ever get there?

EDUCATION: I will call some one to tell you about it. (Calls.) Cleanliness!

CLEANLINESS (comes in from right, with towels and soap): Children, before you can go to the Land of Health, you must take a bath twice a week, wash your neck, face, and ears every morning, and brush your teeth after every meal.

DIRT (stepping toward the front): Don't have anything to do with him. Stay here and play with mud and dirt.

CLARA (doubtfully): I don't know about taking a bath twice a week.

ALICE: It would be fun to splash in the water.

SYBIL: It would be better to be clean than dirty all of the time.

CLARA: Let's go with Cleanliness and leave Dirt alone. (CLEANLINESS breaks one of the chains that hold them.)

DIRT (leaving): They won't have anything to do with me any more.

EDUCATION (calling): Happy Thoughts!

HAPPY THOUGHTS (smiling at everybody as he enters from the right): I don't like the way you look, children. Be happy and gay. (Quoting:)

Happiness is grand,  
Cheerfulness makes everybody glad,  
Quite well we know.

So work while you work.

And play while you play—

That is the way to be happy and gay.

GROUCH (coming forward): Don't listen to Happy Thoughts.

ALICE: Let's choose happiness and leave Grouch behind.

GROUCH (leaving): When you eat something that disagrees with you, I'll come back. (HAPPY THOUGHTS breaks a chain.)

EDUCATION (calls): Exercise and Fresh Air!

(They enter.)

\* Made by the Sixth Grade of Kent State College Training School, Kent, Ohio. Given at the county convention of the Junior Red Cross, Ravenna, Ohio, on April 9, 1925.

NOTE: The pictures on this page came from the Czechoslovakian Junior Red Cross through the League of Red Cross Societies.



*Verka knows the value of fresh air. So after breakfast she takes her dolls for a walk*

**EXERCISE:** You should exercise more than you do. Play such games as baseball and basketball. They will make your blood circulate better and make your muscles strong.

**LAZINESS:** You had better not go to that land if they make you play games. I tell you basketball gets you all tired out. Here you can lie around and do as you please.

**SYBIL:** It would be better to play games than to lie

**GREEDINESS:** It's more fun to eat so fast that you eat everything up and the rest don't get any.

**CLARA:** But it hurts when it goes down.

**SYBIL:** I think we will listen to Self-Control and not have anything more to do with you.

**GREEDINESS:** I'll be back some time when you get real hungry. *(Leaves. Another chain is broken.)*

**EDUCATION:** Come in, Neatness.

**NEATNESS:** You must learn to keep your dresses from getting so dirty and wrinkled up. You should keep your shoes shined, too. Brush your hair neatly and don't bite your fingernails, but keep them nice and clean.

**CARELESSNESS:** Don't listen to him. When you want to go anywhere, just run right out the door. You don't need to clean up.

**SYBIL:** But when we go to the show that way, people look at us.

**CLARA:** Yes, and it would be better to go to school clean and neat.

**ALICE:** I like the way Neatness looks a whole lot better than the way you look, Carelessness.

**CARELESSNESS:** What's the use of worrying, I'm done for.

*(NEATNESS breaks a chain.)*

**EDUCATION:** Nourishing Foods!

**NOURISHING FOODS:** You children should eat more nourishing foods, such as milk and oatmeal, for breakfast, and lots of vegetables, like lettuce, cabbage, and spinach. You must never drink coffee and you must be careful about eating too much cake and candy.

**SWEET TOOTH:** Just listen to that, children. If you go there you won't ever be able to eat candy and pie and other sweets. So you had better stay with me.

**ALICE:** May we ever have candy?

**NOURISHING FOODS:** Oh yes, you may eat it just after meals.

**SYBIL:** That would be all right.

*(Enter six children, dressed as milk bottles. They march around and threaten IGNORANCE as they sing, "The March of the Milk Bottles.")*

**IGNORANCE (seems to be discouraged):** I see I will have to find a new place to stay since you children have learned about health. *(Leaves.)*

**EDUCATION:** Now come to the Beautiful Land of Health and see our Queen.

*(They start toward the right of stage, EDUCATION and the children leading, the others falling in behind. QUEEN HEALTH comes to meet them.)*

**QUEEN HEALTH:** Children, what brings you here?

**ALICE:** Education and his helpers have taught us many things we need to know, and now we want to live in your beautiful land.

**QUEEN HEALTH:** But before you enter the happy Land of Health you must promise to obey the health rules. Do you promise to take a bath twice a week?

**CLEANLINESS:** Will you wash your neck, face, and ears every day, and brush your teeth after every meal?

**NEATNESS:** Do you promise to keep yourself, your home and your schoolroom neat?

**FRESH AIR:** Do you promise to play in the fresh air as much as possible?

**SLEEP:** Sleep nine hours a day?

**FRESH AIR:** Be sure to have your windows open?

**GOOD POSTURE:** Do you promise to hold yourself straight, whether sitting or standing?

**CHILDREN:** We promise to obey all of these rules.

**QUEEN HEALTH:** Now you are welcome to the beautiful land where I reign.

*(All leave at right.)*

around all day.

**FRESH AIR:** You children need more fresh air every day.

**ALICE:** I like to play outdoors.

**LAZINESS:** Which are you going to choose, Exercise and Fresh Air, or me?

**CLARA:** We will go with Exercise and Fresh Air and leave you behind.

**LAZINESS (as he walks out):** I will try to make you wish for me. I'll get even with you.

*(Enter GOOD POSTURE. He holds his head up and walks briskly.)*

**GOOD POSTURE (pointing at POOR POSTURE, who is slouching in a chair):** And you, Poor Posture, must go! These children cannot have you here. You teach them to have round shoulders. *(To children.)* Stand up straight and hold your chest high. You can't breathe well leaning over. *(They mind him.)*

**ALICE:** I feel better since I have been standing up straight.

**CLARA:** It is easier to breathe, too.

**POOR POSTURE (as he walks out, all stooped over):** Oh, well, there are other children in the world. *(Good Posture breaks a chain.)*

**EDUCATION:** Sleep! Come and teach these children another lesson.

*(Enter SLEEP and SELF-CONTROL.)*

**SLEEP:** Children, if you want to go to the Land of Health, you must sleep nine hours every night.

**FRESH AIR:** Be sure you leave your windows open.

**LATE HOURS:** Don't go with them. If you do, you can't go to the show in the evening.

**SYBIL:** Can't we ever go to the movies?

**SLEEP:** Oh yes, you may go to the picture show on Saturday afternoon.

**ALICE:** When we go at night we get so sleepy sometimes that we can hardly see the picture. *SLEEP breaks a chain.)*

**SELF-CONTROL:** Another thing to learn, children, is that you eat too fast. Do you know what your knife and fork are for? Your knife is to cut your food, and you eat it with your fork. Look how Greediness gobbles his food. Don't you think you can eat like other people?

**ALICE:** Your jaws do get awfully tired when you eat too fast.\*



# Junior Activities

THE Juniors of Paducah, Kentucky, are three thousand strong. Last year they made nine portfolios to send abroad and this Christmas they sent six hundred Christmas boxes overseas.

THE Junior Red Cross of Linn County, Ohio, has a long and honorable history. It has been most active during its eight years of existence. It has done any number of useful things, from making knitting needle booties, sweaters and garments, collecting books, distributing seed for war gardens during the World War to helping children in hospitals and orphanages, sending good cheer to homes for the aged and providing toys for the children of the tornado district of Illinois. Last year they sent six hundred Christmas boxes overseas. There are more than ten thousand Juniors in the county and the public schools of Cedar Rapids, the principal town, have one hundred per cent membership.

AN unusual honor was conferred on the Japanese Junior Red Cross lately. The Empress presented it with a verse written and autographed by herself. The translation is:

"In all the countries of the world  
With carefully cultivated friendship  
Let us assist those who are desolate,  
That upon them there may descend  
The light dew of happiness, which is so  
much desired."

THE Juniors in the thirteen Sixth grades of New London, Connecticut, send post cards on holidays and birthdays to the children in the seaside sanatorium. They also send letters to them and to the children in the New London hospitals.

AT a suggestion from the Junior Red Cross, the Czechoslovak Union of Savings Banks of Czechoslovakia invited all the banks in its union to issue to each Junior Red Cross member a savings-book representing a deposit of one crown. This plan is intended to encourage the spirit of economy, but so that thrift may not become just stinginess the teachers have been asked to explain to their pupils the true meaning of the word "economy."



P. and A. Photo

*Josephine Dorothea Scalco perched on the truck load of bananas which her father donated to be auctioned off in the streets of Washington for the benefit of the Red Cross Roll Call*

THE fifth annual county school field meet for Swain County, North Carolina, was held in Bryson City this fall. The first day was taken up with the literary events, including contests in recitation, declamation, dramatization of "The Elves and the Shoemaker," and written and oral spelling. The contestants were the winners of preliminary contests held in schools throughout the county. The athletic program was inaugurated on the second day by a parade of the school children and their teachers, 2,000 strong, carrying banners. When they reached the field on Bryson Island they opened the program by singing the Junior Red Cross song and the Carolina songs. Proceeds from the lunch counter which was open during the athletic events were set aside to give Christmas cheer to children who might otherwise

not have had any gifts. The orphans of the state were remembered with a shipment of apples, which were brought to the meet by children from the Nantahala section, who came by special train, each bringing an apple for this special purpose.

HAVE you ever made any crackle paper? asks the fourth grade of the Third Avenue School of Leavenworth, Kansas, in its portfolio to Czechos-



*Juniors of the elementary school at Nizny Sliac coasting down their native Czechoslovakian hills*

vakia. "That is what we used for the covers of this portfolio. This is how you make it. First, you put water all over both sides of the paper. Then you put brushfuls of paint all over the paper. It is best to put on yellow first, then blue, then red. Next fold the paper in half and crumple it all up in a tight ball. Unfold it and press it and it is ready to use. This kind of decoration was invented by the Japanese.

"We hope you are successful if you try to make crackle paper. Please write and tell us more about your school."

**T**HE Colored Juniors of Atlanta are very active. This year their special project is helping the Boys' Industrial Farm. They raised money to buy a victrola to present to the farm at their annual Christmas party to the boys there and are planning to equip the play hall and make the wards more attractive. They remember to send little gifts and greeting cards on holidays and to make visits, taking home-made candy and other good things along. Last year these Juniors gave a rolling chair to one of the hospitals, made writing pads, comfort bags, hospital bulletins for Tuskegee and for the Negro soldiers in the Government hospital in Atlanta. They also raised flowers, made scrapbooks and saved Sunday papers and magazines for the local hospitals and institutions. All the colored schools took part in filling Christmas boxes for overseas.

**S**OME of the Juniors of Bath, Maine, sold shoe polish and with the proceeds bought bulbs which they looked after with great care until they bloomed. Then they took them to the people in the county home.

**I**N WILTON, N. H., some Juniors sent scrapbooks to the men in the hospital. One of these patients had been in the hospital a long time and this was the first greeting he had had from the outside world. He was so pleased at what the children had done that he carved them a weather vane in the form of a boat and sent it to them. This is the letter of thanks the Juniors sent back to him:

"DEAR FRIEND:

"The boat which you sent us came to Wilton, which is about two miles from our school. Our teacher brought it up to us.

"We think the boat is wonderful. You must have spent a long time making it. We have not put it out every day, because the wind is so strong here we are afraid it will break. We are glad you enjoyed the things we sent you.

"Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"Yours sincerely,

"PUPILS OF THE PERHAM CORNER SCHOOL."

**W**HEN Thanksgiving trays were passed around in the Government hospital at Chillicothe, Ohio, there were smiles on the faces of the five hundred and fifty ex-service men there. For on each tray was an attractive hand painted greeting card. The Juniors of eight counties of the state had all contributed their share making cards, so that not a man was left out.

**T**HE girls' department of the John Burroughs School, New York, publishes an eight-page monthly paper, "School Echoes". Almost every word in it is written by the girls themselves. In the November issue there are items about a trip to Wanamaker's big department store, the circulating library in the building, and an audience with the mayor of New York. There is a little play written as an assembly program by one of the classes. It is called "Christmas Boxes" and is in two scenes. In the first



Photo Hoffman

*Girl Scouts of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, taking a Red Cross course in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick*

scene the actors are busily packing boxes of gifts for children abroad, talking as they work. In the second scene the children of a Serbian village are rejoicing over the pretty things they have received from America.

The report of the work of the Juniors in New York City for the past year has recently been received. There are 541 schools and 819,000 pupils enrolled. The list of the things these boys and girls have done is too long to print here, but some of them are: 2,100 pairs of glasses furnished to needy children; 21,000 garments and 2,600 toys made; 3,000 Christmas boxes and 1,900 Christmas stockings filled; \$7,500 given as endowment for a child's bed in the New York Orthopaedic Hospital, and \$5,000 contributed to the National Children's Fund.

**T**HE Juniors of the village of Telonia, Greece, have saved a life. One of their school friends would

have died without an operation, which his parents could not afford. But the Juniors put up the money to send him to the surgeons at Mytilene and the boy was entirely cured. These Juniors have also planted several hundred trees on the barren mountainside overhanging their village and have dried up stagnant pools where malaria-carrying mosquitoes would breed.

THE latest country to start a Junior Red Cross is South Africa. Its two chief aims are health and service. In announcing the beginning of the new branch, the secretary of the South African Red Cross Society says that in England the formation of the Junior Red Cross has led to a decrease in sickness among children, because of the way in which the British Juniors have kept the health laws.

THE Junior Red Cross magazine of Siam gives a great deal of space to health rules. The last issue says a lot about the need for vaccination and also has a little story called "What Am I?" which discusses the care of the hair. There is also a story of a bad little girl who was sorry and promised to be good, which appeared first in the Junior magazine for Yugoslavia and was translated into Siamese. Maybe some time one of the stories in your News may be put into Siamese for the Juniors away off in southern Asia, while you may have one of theirs in English.

THE name of the Lithuanian Junior Red Cross magazine is "Ziburelis," which is Lettish for "a little light."

THE secretary of the grade council of the Junior Red Cross of Crockett, Texas, writes: "We are just getting started in our Junior Red Cross work at Crockett. We had our first meeting Monday afternoon with two delegates from each room, a boy and a girl. We elected the following

officers: Benton Sims, President; Evelyn McConnell, Vice-President; Ruby Childress, Secretary, and Frank Posey, Treasurer. We expect to begin our health work soon. Our meetings will be called to order each Monday evening after 3:15. Our Junior Red Cross has shown much enthusiasm over the Christmas boxes and the health work. I, as its secretary, believe I can say for my school that we will have a good year's work."



Siamese Juniors gave a play at one of their Junior Red Cross meetings

"We girls and boys got lots of pleasure and fun out of sacrificing our money to help other children."

### The Lost Hour

(Continued from page 85)

PIERROT: I worked for you, my puppet brother,  
And here's the missing quarter-hour  
Which I have torn from Jack Frost's power.  
(He bursts the paper from hoop and ANNA steps  
through and drops her veil. She wears a crown.)  
ALL: Hail the New Year! Mirth and peace  
Bless her as her days increase!  
SANTA CLAUS: We who in this dream-world dwell

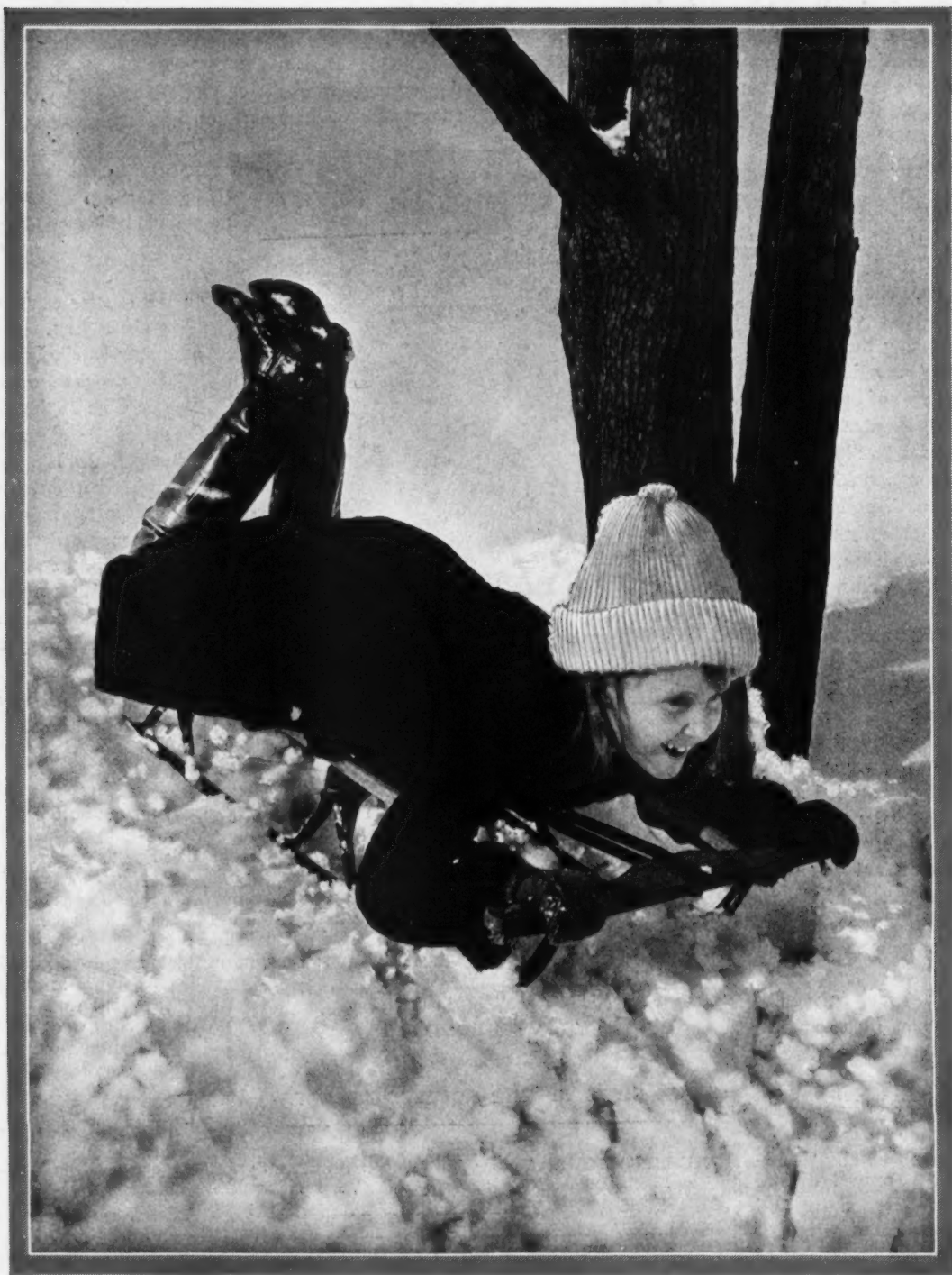
Sadly now must say  
farewell.  
(To PINOCCHIO:) You,  
who shared our grief  
and joy,  
Now will be a human  
boy.  
But sometimes when  
dusk is falling  
Perchance you'll hear  
far voices calling:  
A wild, sweet strain of  
elfin singing,  
The chime of elfin bells  
a-ringing:  
Dim memories of fairy  
days  
Will drift before your  
glamored gaze.  
(To audience:) May fairy  
blessings on you fall.  
A happy New Year to  
you all!

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*"Help one another," the snowflakes said,  
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed.  
"One of us here would not be felt,  
One of us here would quickly melt,  
But I'll help you and you'll help me,  
And then what a splendid drift 't will be."*

*—Saskatchewan Junior Red Cross News*

